Agnes Cassell

The CAMOSUN

1920

MATRICULATION NUMBER

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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME XII. MAY, *1920* NUMBER 7

Published Monthly by the Students of Victoria High School, Victoria, B. C.

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at The Acme Press, 753 View Street, by the 25th of each month to insure insertion.

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Valedictory

OUR days at Victoria High School, alas, are almost over; the days back to which we shall always look and say fondly, "Good old days, what fun we had then," for with them our school days close, and though we may go on and meet some of our old friends in College and University, still it will not be the same thing, for we will no longer be boys and girls together, as we have been since the days in the public schools; we will be men and women, treated as such and treating each other as such.

When we entered High School, over-awed "prelims," a wise and far-seeing teacher once told us to make haste and throw ourselves into the school activities, as before we knew it our three years would have passed and we would regret neglected opportunities all our lives. We smiled to ourselves—the High School course seemed ages long. Today we look back and see how true were those prophetic words; we look back and we are thankful that we took our teacher's advice and wish that we had done more, for, to the end of our days, though the actual school work will be of most service to us, yet it will be the sport life that we will remember and glory in when our hair grows grey at the temples.

□ □ □

Gibson Photo

Matric Idols

ARTHUR WEBSTER

Is one of the foremost figures in the High School, being a Staff Officer in our Cadet Corps. His activity in the realm of sports has been shown in all lines as he is a prominent member of our basketball, rugby and hockey teams. On the whole he has shown himself a loyal supporter of the school.

VIOLET HASTINGS

Is another of our debaters. During the past year she has been the President of the Portia Debating Society and has filled her position in a very capable manner. Talented equally in her reciting and debating, and making everything in which she is interested a huge success, she will surely make as great a name for herself in the world as she has done in the school.

ELLA POTTINGER

Is an untiring school worker, being a prominent member of Matric D as well as Camosun reporter for that class. Ella is Vice-President of the Matriculation Year and it is greatly due to her that the Matric Camosun has proved a success. Her power of recitation deserves special comment, as likewise does her jovial spirit around the lockers.

HARTLEY SARGENT

Is the able President of the Beta Delta Society. His accomplishments are too numerous to mention, the most noticeable being a tendency to talk during French period.

GEORGE STREETER

Besides possessing enough brains to give him a place in Matric A, he is a good basketball player and a member of our Rugby team. In the Cadets he holds the post of Lieut. in the machine-gun section, and to crown all he capably fulfills the duties of prefect.

AS this is the last issue of the Camosun for the year, the Camosun Staff wish to extend their thanks to the many people who have helped to make the paper a success. To Mr. Cook we owe our thanks for the energetic and capable way he has taken care of the business end of the paper. Assisted by Bickle and Jones, and more lately by McDonald, he has worked hard throughout the year to keep the paper on its feet. To Mr. Yeo, our literary adviser, we wish to express our sincere appreciation. He has taken a leading part in many school activities and the success of the Camosun is largely due to his unsparing efforts.

To Principal A. G. Smith and the other members of the Staff we wish to express our thanks for their kindly co-operation and support. To the individual rank and file of the school we owe our thanks also for their loyal support. We have tried throughout the year to keep you in touch with the various activities of the school, and if we have succeeded in interesting some of you in some of these various activities, we feel amply repaid.

No one outside the school has worked harder nor more constantly than Mr. Watson of the Acme Press, and the Editorial Staff of the Camosun take this opportunity of extending to him their hearty thanks for innumerable courtesies at his hands.

* * * * *

Almost as the Camosun goes to press, word comes to us that High School is losing its principal, Mr. A. G. Smith, who is resigning to take a position in a local business college. Mr. Smith has been a member of the Staff for the past fourteen years and Principal during the last four.

We deeply regret the loss of Mr. Smith as our head, and we feel that he is leaving a place that will be hard to fill. There is not a single activity being carried on in the school for the benefit of the individual or the student body as a whole that has not had his whole-hearted and energetic support since its inception. In the realm of athletics Mr. Smith has always been one of the chief supporters in the school, first as a teacher and football coach and more recently as Principal and general adviser. The excellent reputation of

Victoria High School in athletics, particularly for sportsmanship, is in no small measure due to the example and precept of our retiring Principal.

What is true of Athletics is true of all other branches—Portia, Beta Delta, Cadet Corps, Camosun and all the other phases of student activity have always been able to look to our Principal for support and guidance and have never looked in vain.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough to have taken his classes in classics or history can speak in no uncertain terms of the help he has been to us in our studies. Always willing and anxious to help those of us who needed it most, always kind and courteous to the seeker after knowledge, we have found in him our conception of the ideal teacher.

The Camosun Staff takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Smith for the invaluable help he has always been willing to give, and we know we speak for the school when we wish him every happiness and prosperity in the new sphere to which he goes and we can only hope that the memories of the school which he carries with him will be nearly as pleasant as the memories he leaves with us.

* * * * *

Perhaps a word to the Matriculation students would not be amiss. In former years the Matriculation Camosun was financed by means of funds derived from a concert during the term. This year it was found impossible to hold such a concert and it was decided to hold a dance after the examinations to realize the necessary money. The Staff of the Camosun have worked hard to make this issue a success, so show your appreciation of their efforts by supporting the dance in every way you possibly can.

"DON'TS"

When slander you hear of a friend,
And are tempted with some fact to link it;
Whatever the thing you may think,
Just play the big part—and don't think it!

When you feel the sting of a taunt
And have a good chance to repay it;
Whatever the thing you might say,
Just play the big part—and don't say it!

When you'd stoop to play a mean trick,
Although in your heart you eschew it;
Whatever the thing you might do,
Just play the big part and don't do it.

When you might be less than your best,
Because there is no one to see it;
Whatever the thing you might be,
Just play the big part—and don't be it!

Romance

SPRING had arrived, also the usual showers. Carrie Carbuncle, acknowledged belle of the village, oppressed with melancholy soon after lunch, wandered down the village street. Carrie was the most beautiful object the village had ever seen. She had a lovely complexion, like a peach, fuzzy and yellow. Her wonderful hair closely resembled new-mown hay. Her beautiful eyes, pink-rimmed and of different hues, one being green and the other purple, looked out indiscriminately upon her surrounding admirers, for she was cock-eyed. She had a generous slice of mouth, slapped on slant-wise, and some careless person had stepped on her nose when she was an infant. She was flop-eared and held her head at a becoming angle, having the great good luck to be wry-necked. In addition she was knock-kneed, crab-ankled, splatter-footed, and pigeon-toed. Her shoe, of the fashionable size, ten, was rendered yet more charming and shapely by the large assortment of corns and bunions, as large as Spanish onions, which bedecked her foot. Carrie was also double-jointed, and this gave her walk a certain incomparable something which was lacking to others less fortunate than she, and which her rivals vainly tried to imitate.

So, as she held her graceful way down the village street, she should have been the gladdest mortal alive, since she held all hearts (male) in thrall. But the beauteous Carrie Carbuncle felt something to be lacking in her suitors, and even while nibbling an all-day sucker, a gift from one of them, she was thinking, not of him, but of some visionary Prince Charming, who should be as handsome as she was beautiful. However, up till now he had not appeared, and as she pensively scratched a pig's back, said pig being occupied in rooting in the middle of the street, she ruminated, cow-fashion, on the aforesaid P. C.

Straying on, her crab-ankles pecked by hungry ducks, her splatter-feet splattering the mud to right and left, she at last came to the village pond, and, being occupied in thought, a process which left no room for external things, she failed to notice the pond, and walked in over the edge. She had only time to utter a startled "Awk!" before the water closed over her beautiful head.

The calamity had been witnessed by a young man whose one-lunged flivver had stalled nearby. With admirable presence of mind he thought to remove his lividly gorgeous tie, and then manfully plunging in, seized Carrie by her hair and dragged her out of the foot or less of water where she had been wallowing.

He planted her on the bank and then gazed on the beautiful object for whom he had heroically risked his life. Carrie was draped with green slime and her new spring hat, trimmed with chicken feathers, was hopelessly ruined, but her beauty shone transcendent through these limitations. She looked out between the strings of slime which hung over her face, and in turn regarded her rescuer.

There he stood, her Prince Charming in every detail. He was a young man about 93 years of age, of very tall complexion, his nose being shaped like a corkscrew, owing to a cruel nurse having twisted it in his infancy. He walked stooping upright, caused through swallowing a box of dominoes when a child. His boots were laced up behind as his feet were put on back to front, and he wore a fashionable white suit made of green baize and red flannel.

As they gazed at each other, they were smitten with the little blind god's darts (he must have been blind!). It was a case of love at second sight, and with one accord they fell into each others arms. As he embraced his adored one, Ikey Dabtoe said, "Wilt thou be my bride and share my priceless flivver?"

"Willingly, Ikey darlin'," she replied, "and let us cross the herring-pond in it, for our honeymoon."

"Come on, then, don't keep me waiting any longer!" was the fond reply, and they departed in pieces. FERN JAMES.

History—1917-20

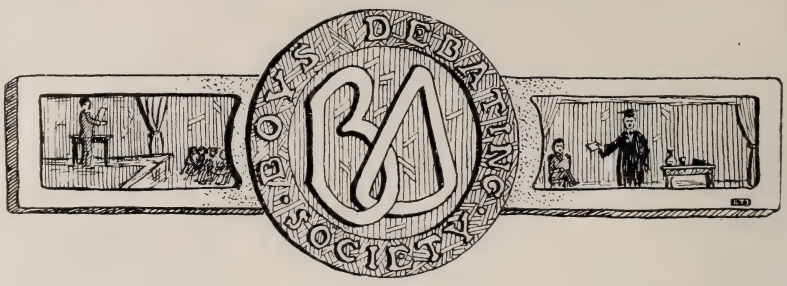
MATRICS! can you recall the very first day we entered High School? Awe was somewhat intermingled with pride and superiority. The first and second weeks were ones of unimaginable horror—losing our way in the halls, being referred to as "those little Prelims," and trying to learn dead languages were just some of these tortures. Our shyness, however, soon wore off and we all entered into the spirit of the school. Portia, Beta Delta, Basketball, Rugby, Hockey and the Patriotic Society could be enjoyed by girls and boys alike. Everyone availed themselves of the opportunity and soon all branches of the school's activities were strengthened by the new recruits.

Time passed all too quickly, and before we realized it, examinations had made their appearance. There is no need to dwell on them; we can all remember what a great sigh of relief arose when they came to an end.

The day before the closing of school we were brought together in the Auditorium and Mr. Smith, after many words of advice, announced the successful candidates. The heads and chests of those who had passed swelled so that I am sure hats and vests did not fit for days.

During the latter part of the Junior year and the first part of the present year great changes were noticeable. Boys came to school very self-conscious in their first long trousers, while they chose the pompadour as their mode of hair-dressing. The skirts of the girls were lengthened and it seemed quite the fashion to do one's hair "up."

In about three weeks we will be writing final examinations. Of the successful ones some will continue their studies at college, while others will go to the Normal School. We have passed three very happy years in the Victoria High School, and many thanks are due to our teachers for their untiring work in our behalf.



SINCE June is again with us, another year of the activities of the Beta Delta Society has drawn to a close, thus completing the ninth year of its existence as an institution in the Victoria High School. During the year the executive became more progressive than it has shown itself to be for some years and did all in its power to interest the Prelim students of the school, for it readily saw that in the Preliminary student is the backbone of the society. The result of this progressive movement was the giving to the Beta Delta of a branch society for the Prelims, where they can learn the art of debating to their heart's desire, out of the critical gaze and hearing of the sager members of the society. This part of our mechanism meets every Wednesday in Room 12, and so does not affect the attendance at the ordinary weekly meeting of the Society on Thursday. The tendency of these double meetings each week has been to increase the number of new speakers and to make this one of the most successful of the society's nine years.

The debates staged throughout the year for the most part were very interesting, as well as most instructive. They covered a very wide field and dealt with some of the most difficult subjects of the day. However, in every case the debaters found no difficulty in solving the problems which have taxed the brains of many of our greatest men. If the Federal and Provincial Governments have been acting during this year as in the past, and not taking any steps without first learning the decision of the Beta Delta on the subject, I am sure they must have profited greatly by following in our footsteps. Owing to the forced inactivity in what is ordinarily the Fall term, the old executive carried on until the end of February; then Alex. Moore relinquished the presidential duties to the new and present president, Hartley Sargent, who has carried on most ably ever since. The society wishes to thank the members of the teaching staff who have been so kind as to spare some of their time in judging our debates and without whose aid we most certainly would be greatly handicapped, and also Mr. Cornett, whose interest in our struggles seems to be untiring and who has always been the hidden, but most important stimulus of our progressive advancement, of which I have spoken before.

Portia vs. Beta Delta

Nothing could have been more desired by our executive as a climax to this year's activities than a tussle with our worthy opponents of the Portia. The executive's desires having been made concrete, the afternoon of May 18th found our large and beautiful auditorium graced by a large and gay company anxiously waiting for the commencement of the debate. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved that the Tariff Policy of the Farmers' Party should be adopted"; the Portia being for it, the Beta Delta against. Miss Violet Hastings, president of the girls' debating society, having formally opened the meeting, Miss Watson took the floor and did all in her power to convince the audience that the policy was the very one for Canada. Miss Marchbanks, her colleague, most ably supported her in her turn. However, nothing could withstand the convincing arguments of our side. The girls did well, but as the results showed, our fellows did better. Thus we find at the termination of the customary hour of debating, Miss Moore giving the judges' decision in favor of Hartley Sargent and Alan Maclean, the negative party. The debate terminated, and the customary votes of thanks having been given all round, the meeting adjourned, thus terminating one of the most successful meetings staged this year.

Meeting of April 22nd

On the above date the ninth meeting of the Spring session of the Beta Delta was held in the Library, President Sargent occupying the chair.

The meeting took the customary form of a debate, entitled "Resolved that Canadian Employers adopt the Profit-sharing System." The debate was most interesting—not only interesting, but also profitable from the educational standpoint. Although the negative did all in their power to convince both the judges and the audience that the scheme was not practical, being only a skeleton of what its title proclaimed it to be, still the affirmative seemed to find some frail footing on their opponents' perpendicular cliff, and having enlarged it, won, much to the negative's disgust. The winning side was upheld by Maclean and MacLellan, and the other by Elford and Howlett.

How We Did the Trick

(A Monotone in few words by a prospective Scientist et al)

There was suppressed excitement in the Agriculture classroom as the teacher entered. This unusual atmosphere seemed a trifle embarassing to him, but he got down to work nevertheless in his customary annoying manner. Standing in front of his counter he dilated on everything from Greek roots to biological principles. The class began to show signs of impatience, but he carried on, apparently oblivious to their inward mutterings. When would he turn to the blackboard? Ah! there he goes; something wants illustrating. No, drat it, he's found words to clothe his ideas, bah Jove! There goes the bell! Goodbye, fellows! I wonder if he saw it after all. So do we.

PORTIA SOCIETY

A DEBATE took place on May 5th, between Portia and The Agriculture and Science Club. The subject was, "Resolved that Home Economics, Manual Training and Agriculture should be compulsory in Canadian Schools." Portia was represented by Ethelwyn Dee and Alice Aldridge, who took the affirmative, while two agriculture girls, Blanche May and Eril Deakin, upheld the negative and debated against their own beliefs. The girls took hold of their subject well and it proved a very interesting debate. While the judges, Miss Davies and Mr. Coates, were out of the room, Mr. Hallwright gave a short talk. After this, Mr. Coates announced that the affirmative had won.

On May 13th quite a number of girls of Portia visited the Art Loan Exhibit at the Provincial Parliament Buildings. This was very much enjoyed by all.

A joint debate was held between Beta Delta and Portia on May 19th, in the Auditorium. The subject under discussion was, "Resolved that the Tariff Policy of the Farmers' Party should be adopted." Marjorie Watson and Dorothy Marshbanks from Portia took the affirmative against Allan Maclean and Hartley Sargent. The girls pointed out what a great aid this policy would be to Canadians, commercially, politically and socially, while the boys declared it was nothing but selfishness on the part of the farmers at the expense of the rest of the Dominion. All four speakers were complimented and the judges, Misses Cann and Moore, Messrs. A. Smith and Cornett, gave the decision to the boys.

One of the most important debates of the term took place on May 26th, in the Library, between Victoria and Oak Bay High Schools. As this is the only inter-school debate which has been held this year, the Library was really overflowing. "Resolved that the Jitney system, as at present operated in Victoria, is in the best interests of the public" proved a very lively and entertaining subject. Oak Bay, represented by Louise Hayward and Gwen Hardy, upheld the negative against Rita Mawson and Helen Starr. The debate was

decided by Miss Burridge and Mr. Clearihue in favor of the affirmative by a margin of ten points. Mr. Sullivan, school inspector, complimented the girls on their splendid discussion. The officers of Portia afterwards entertained their guests to afternoon tea, which I think must have been somewhat of a success, as everything was eaten up.

The executive of Portia wishes to extend its sincerest thanks to Miss Hamilton, who, as Honorary President, has helped the society so much during the past year, also Violet Hastings deserves great praise for the ability she has displayed as President of Portia. Debating has flourished greatly this year and several of the girls have won their pins. I hope the new girls and those who return next year will support Portia as well as it has been supported this year, so that the meetings will grow until they will have to be moved to the Auditorium.

The Evolution of Education

(With apologies to "An Ancient Hindu Saying")

He who knows just as far as he goes, he is a good student, a profit to himself and his school; follow him.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a Bolshevik; squelch him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not, he is a prelim; boost him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is a junior; awaken him.

He who knows, and knows that he knows, he is a senior, observe him.

He who knows and knows that he knows not, he is a teacher; God help him! —H. S. H.

* * * * *

Familiar Sayings of Famous People

Listen! what is the matter, haven't you come prepared—
This is a good sentence, it drags in—
Oh yes! that will be quite all right—
Possibly! by the way, I say possibly, isn't—
Come away now, that's easy, you wouldn't want anything simpler—
Why is that question asked now?—
Will you please open the windows—
Quiet there—
By the way, that's wrong, isn't it B-c-e-l—
I quite understand—
If you act like babies I will have to treat you like them—
Stand up—
Come back at 3.15—
Attention! class—

The Old Lady Shows Her Album

"Well, well, so you want me to show you my album, do you?" said great-gran'ma. "Yes, there are all the photos of the 1919-20 Matrics in it. Yes, that certainly was a good year, but then I was in it you see! Uh-huh!

"Yes, that's my picture when I was known as Fern James. I've had quite a few names since then. I keep them all written down in a little book—my memory's failing and I can't remember them all. Husbands 'suttenly' are a nuisance! Let's see, now, that picture there is Leta French. She became a social reformer and went into a candy factory to better the condition of the poor girls who were forced to earn $90 a day there. They say she liked it so well she's there yet, and the output of that factory has gone down considerably. That sweet little boy was Fred Brand. He appropriated a South Sea island and used to sit all day under a tree drinking palm wine and eating bananas, while all the sloe-eyed native girls sat around and watched him. Those two in that corner were Hartley (some people called him Heartly) and Muriel Knott. He said to her, "Have a Heart?" and at first she said, "Certainly knott!" but he pressed his suit so hard that it was getting all shiny, so she thought she had better take on the job.

"Oh, yes! That little thing standing there in the attitude of Napoleon was the far-famed Nugent Spinks. He used to spout at school. I can remember him yet, with his tongue lolling out in his excitement. Well, he became an opera-singer with a deep bass voice, and was known as Nugentissime Spinkosia. He used to shake the roof off with his singing, and he shook the floor terribly when he walked on it, he was so stout and heavy. Let's see, that was Eileen Rose. She used to get tons of notes from sundry admirers. She carried out her destiny by achieving matrimony, and used to coo about her husband. That was Roxey Donnelly. She operates a hair-dressing parlor and is responsible for lots of the new fashions in coiffures. She got her experience up at High, when she used to demonstrate the styles every day. That couple were Kitty Palliser and Howlett. She ran a home for lost parrots. She was very coy, and he was quite devoted to her. He helped her look after the lost parrots every day, but she scorned him and gradually he pined away to a 'shadder' and got blown away. That's Ella Pottinger. She stands on a soap-box on street corners and passionately pleads for the abolishment of hatpins and other military weapons. Let me see, that was Fred Forster. He has a job up at the rink demonstrating how to go through the ice with a spiral nose-dive, whatever that is. I don't go to the Rink as much as I used to on account of the rheumatiz and these new fashions in skating are quite beyond me. In my day we used to just go through the ice without any of this fancy stuff. Well, they say he does it very well and crowds flock to see him. Of course you can't believe all you hear.

"That boy asleep in the corner there was Cal Richards. He's just written a book called 'How to Eat, though Sleeping,' and they say it shows wonderful ingenuity. If course its no wonder when he's practised sleeping all his life, and he has learned to introduce all sorts of comforts which used to be unknown to sleepers. That girl there was Eleanor Parfitt. Of course she was grabbed up by the movies and vamped her way to fame. In between times she writes articles telling other girls how hard it is to get in the movies and that they'd better keep out. Of course that's good policy, because it isn't safe to have a lot of girls trying to get your place. Keep 'em out, I say! Those two girls lovingly entwined are Veda Butt and Irene Armstrong. They run a woman's exchange and tearoom where they sell antimacassers, flowers-under-wax, toothpicks, and antediluvian muffins. That was Kenny McCannell. He has his picture in all these advertisements of patent medicines—this sort of thing: 'I was unable to see on account of my hair falling out so fast, and after taking Dr. Killemoff's famous white elastic pills, I am even able to see the sugar I got for a buck.'

"That was Mabel Scobie. She is trying to bring in a bill to make everyone shave off their hair, because they are getting in the habit of drinking their hair tonic. M-m! I wonder what Bill's last name is. That was Charlie McQueen. He has discovered how to grow collars by planting a collar stud, and every year he has a crop of safety razors come up from planting whiskers. That was Andrew Robertson. He and Frances Legg are dancing partners and give exhibitions of the new dances. Robertson is said to have invented several of these, including the Sideways Slope and the Handspring Shuffle. That was Eric Stewart. He is an Interior Decorator. I don't see how he manages with the price food is now, but they say he is very efficient and chooses food that is satisfying. That was Nora Denovan. She got married, naturally, and his name was Bill too, only her Bill was for the suppression of last year's hats. That individual was Hartley Sargent. He went in for auto racing with George Streeter. Those two certainly could speed. They raced from one end of the continent to the other in three hours once. They went so fast that they didn't have time to slow up when they reached the coast and went over into the water. Fortunately they were able to swim and towed the car after them to land. That was Grace Hall. She is a famous pianist and gets $500 for every note she plays at her concerts. They say she is able to compete with even the day-laborers in wealth. That's Art Webster. He sits all day fishing from Outer Wharf because he's heard that the movie people are looking for someone who will impart a rustic air to the village scene. So far he's caught two minnows and a sunken log while he's waiting. That child there is Campbell-Brown. At present he's Premier and is said to advocating a return to kilts for all men over 40 years. That was Honora Staneland. She conducts a sewing class. In a recent competition her pupils sewed quite a lot worse than anyone else's, so they

SENIOR
Matriculation
Class
1919-1920.

got first prize, a beautiful red night-cap made of flannel, and she is quite proud of it and wears it every day to show it off to the other sewing teachers. Who's that one? Why, that's Ronald Jackson. He is quite famous now as an artist, and some of his most famous pictures are hung in the 15c store. He painted a wonderful picture of a kitten just after it had fallen in a tub of soft-soap, and another entitled 'The First House-Fly of Summer.' That picture there is Elise Menkus. She advocated reform in woman's dress and went about in frilled overalls and Georgette blouse. Quite a few people followed the fashion she set. That was George McCann. He spends his time hunting big game in Africa. He can shoot right round the intervening scenery with his pet blunderbuss. That was Agnes Kingham. She became an financier and made a fortune on the stock exchange. She retired fifty years ago and lives on her ranch, except when she's in the city, which is 364.23 days of the year.

"That was Edgar Wade. He got into polite society and was a great friend of the Duchess of Whifflesniffle and Lady de Bathbun, and used to attend pink teas and murmur 'Oh, rawthah! the weathah reahly must be changin', don'tchyknow!' That was Loraine Johns. She was one of these society women who got a job as mannequin. She's got in the habit of wearing the gowns after hours now. That was Mitchell. He used to spend his time helping old ladies (never young ones) off and on the cars, and one day when he was helping a heavy-weight, she fell on him. Poor Mitchell! he has never been seen since.

"Dear, dear! how time flies! I really must begin to get ready for my afternoon trip. My grandson takes me every day in his aeroplane. We're going to run over to Paris this afternoon, because I've a little shopping to do. Durn it! where's my ear-warmers? Well, I'll see you next week. So glad you came! Good-bye!"

MATRICULAT
1919

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ON CLASSES
1920

Personal

SENIOR MATRIC PARTIALS

Margery Watson (31). Our active secretary of Portia. Although she upheld the negative side on dress reform with much vigor, Marg. does not spend all her time on dress reform. Far from it.

"There was a little girl."

Harold G. Finland (15). "Mike is a popular member of the Senior Matric Partial class. He plays baseball and (sh! don't tell anyone) is an excellent assistant for mountain climbers.

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe,
If I can't pay, then I can owe!"

Jean Graham (19). Jean is Senior Matric representative on the Portia executive. She has demonstrated her ability in "speechifying" several times.

"A very gentle girl and of good conscience."

Harry Johns (34). The genius of our class, this genius being shown by the marks he got in the Easter Physics exam. Harry plays the piano and the mandolin and loves parties. His favorite song is, "They're all Sweeties."

"Why should I study and make myself mad?"

Harold B. McDonald (26). Harold left us for a considerable time, but thought better of it and decided he could not do without us. He has won his gold pin for public speaking.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excells all other bliss
That earth affords, or grows by kind."

Christine Ross (21). "The Shimmy Baby." For the short time Christine has been with us, she has been one of the most popular girls in the room downstairs and has given frequent demonstrations of the art she has perfected.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks."

Rosette Townsend (14). One of the "Notorious Three." Rose prefers the shortened form of her name. She has firmly convinced us that whenever anyone goes to the office it is a matter of "principal."

"Her voice was ever soft and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

Otto Weiler (—). "Busher" has been accused of jazz dancing by one of our Prelims. He is a regular "he-vamp," using his destructive powers on all the ladies.

"He's there with the looks
Like the guys in the books,
And of the girls' hearts he makes wrecks."

Ronald Whittington (3). If all we hear is true, Ron is a "bold, bad, dangerous man." He always looks bashful, but—**"You'd be Surprised!"** He thinks half a day is enough to spend at school.

"Oh! what may man within him hide
Though angel on the outward side!"

W. E. Cook.

SENIOR MATRIC

Marjorie Binns (22). She tells us she often has a longing to sing vigorously, "For they're all Sweeties," or something equally inspiring during some periods. Don't we wish she would.

"Of all the mischievous ladies fair,
This one excels with an art most rare."

Kathleen Corry (12). "Kath" is our representative for the Athletic Association, but she has not been overworked in that capacity. She is noted for the brilliancy of her Latin translation.

"Whene'er she met a stranger, she left a friend."

Nellie Hamilton (29). An aspirant towards the Senior Matric Ukulele Band. She is noted for her research work among ancient ballads and college ditties.

"She wears the rose of youth upon her."

Miriam Lowe (4). To all appearances "Olga" is a perfect prefect, but—"You'd be Surprised." She likes to come home in the dark.

"Her love of study is her greatest fault."

Jean Macdonald (33). We prophesy a brilliant future in the social world for Jean, judging from her popularity and the success of the picnic which she helped to arrange.

"A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed."

Jessie Moffat (32). A star performer on the uke, she is much in demand at lunch hour. But her popularity does not rest on her musical ability alone.

"Sweet harmonist, and beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful."

Annie Nakabayashi (25). Very quite and studious is "Kiku." She excels in literature and is also clever with her pencil and brush.

"For she was jes' the quiet kind,
Whose natur's never vary."

Nellie Oliver (13). She fills the position of vice-president of the class with ability worthy of her father. In school she lives up to this exalted office.

"But there's mischief in her eye."

Jessie Ligertwood (2) came to us with such an abundance of brains that she always leads the class in examinations. She aspires to play the "uke" and wear a crown. Favorite expression—"Suffering sunfish!"

"I love to live and learn."

Jean Sargent (8). We wonder how she has managed to keep that back seat so long. She is a mathematical genius and revels in problems.

"You may have noticed that she does her bit."

Charlotte Thomson (10). "Carlotta" is subject to fits of irrepressible giggles, which seem to come on when in close connection with Nellie H.

"A bonnie hielan' lassie."

Hester Richards (23). Our "Jazz Baby." Next to dancing, her favorite pastime is drawing creatures of the "Arrow Collar" species. She is one of the "Notorious Three" so dear to the teachers.

"The world loves a spice of mischief."

Gwen Pontifex (16). Gwen held the position of President of the Portia during the first half of the year. Being our Camosun and Patriotic representative, she is adept at extorting cash from us. She finds that in maths. "The woman who deliberates is lost."

Lily Widdowson (6). She says she is always making good resolutions only to break them, but the last part of the statement is questionable.

"So slender, so fair and so neat,
All in all, she's hard to beat."

N. Kelly (30). One of those happy persons who have wisely become partials, not only in course, but also in attendance. Favorite hobbies—Swimming, acquiring front seats and decorating everything with cartoons.

"A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined."

M. Dickson (27). "Gee" is well known in athletic circles and on the staff of the Camosun. Somewhat addicted to study and is often mistaken for a prefect since he waits (?) for them so as to accompany them to class.

"Clocks will go as they are set; but man,
Irregular man's never constant, never certain."

G. Kirkpatrick (28). "Kirk" has successfully filled the position of editor-in-chief of the Camosun. A rising philosopher and hard-working student.

"A friend by turns to saints and sinners,
Attending lectures, plays and dinners."

H. D. Wallis (5). "Doug" is the popular president of our organization, a prefect and also captain in the cadets and coach of the marksmen. He is well known in athletic activities. Favorite pastimes—Composing "snappy" music and studying (?).

"He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short
of independence."

Fred Elliott (1). An officer in the Cadet Corps, Senior Matric Camosun representative. He is addicted to "bird's nesting" at 9.15. His latest is, "Snappy, eh." He is noted for his ability at the wheel.

" . . a student fellow,
Tall and slim and swell."

F. Lister (18). "Sonnie" is the class songster. He is small, but oh my, when he starts to sing! A good student, popular among the fair sex. Favorite song—"They're all Sweeties."

"To him a frolic was a high delight;
A frolic he would hunt for day and night."

G. Allan (—). George is a good basketball and baseball player, and during his stay with us has acquired a good deal of knowledge. which he sometimes refuses to share with the teachers.

"Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then I was in love."

D. Keenan (9). Class mascot and general diversion. Favorite hobbies—Eating candy and buying rubber balls.

"Oh, he was tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house."

L. Bickell (7). Our basketball king and algebra genius. He also fills the responsible position of a prefect and captain of the Cadet Corps and usually arrives at prefect time. Favorite pastimes—Eating and sleeping.

"Oh, gentle reader, to me please tell this riddle,
Oh why does Leslie his hair part in the middle."

D. Ryall (20). David is one of our rising chemists. Sometimes accused of studying too hard. Commonly called "Shimmie." For further particulars read that familiar ballad, "You'd be Surprised."

"Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above."

V. Bendrot (11). "Bennie" needs no introduction to V. H. S. students; his many activities are well known. He decided a little while ago to take a holiday, so went "over there." Since his return, his greatest worries are educational matters.

"Why does not his guardian angel look to him?
He deserves one; maybe he has tired him out."

E. Quainton (24). Eric is a Greek student—that is, he takes Greek. Likes to cause the teachers a little worry once in a while. Often seen in the company of Kelly—"'nuff said."

"My only books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me."

J. Gough (17) is a very proper and well-behaved student, never disturbing the peace (?) of the class and always quiet except when at drill in the cadet band.

"Silence is become his mother tongue."

MATRIC A

Lillian Anderson (129) is our V. H. S. P. A. O. representative. A very clever little girl, and—

"Intelligent her spirit seems to be."

Edith Lucas (116) is inclined to studious habits.

"All my mind was set serious to learn and know."

Helen Bennet (109). A prefect on the top floor who spends her evenings doing Algebra.

"I have no other but a woman's reason."

Helen Johnston (99). A model of virtue and obedience.

"Sober, steadfast and demure."

Rhita Mawson (43) represented the Portia in the debate against Oak Bay High School.

"She is learned and a most rare speaker."

Iris Scott (131). One of the "little girls" in the back of our room.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Ivy Noye (35).

"There's few sae bonnie, nane sae gude
In a' King George's dominion;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Ivy's ain opinion!"

Margaret Rosher (126). Our class philosopher.

"She pined in thought,
And sat like patience on a monument."

Winnifred Elliot (48).

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Nora Denovan (49) is an ardent follower of Mrs. Pankhurst.

"Why should not then we women act alone?
Or whence are men so necessary grown?"

Anita Bossi (90).

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

Eileen Rose (77). A clever but modest maiden, of whom we can say—

"We've never known so young a body with so old a head."

Kitty Palliser (118). Never scratches, but—

"We know her by the waggling of her head."

Violet Hastings (58) is a very prominent young lady in debating, and with much hard work has arrived at the lofty honor of President of the Portia. Like her predecessor, Socrates, in the realm of rhetoric she believes that the truth can be reached by questioning, which art she has perfected—the art of questioning, not the truth.

Phyllis Gates (67).

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

Agnes Hopkins (42) is a very unobtrusive student of Psychology and the Evolutionary Theory.

"Music, that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."

Fern James (65) has excelled all others in the art of writing; she contributes largely to the Camosun.

"A poetess is she
And has written many lines."

Marjorie Patrick (56).

"She never yet had seen her half so fair;
We never yet have seen her with her hair."

Alex. Turigny (79).Always wears his hair long. A conscientious worker and in his spare time drills with the cadets.

"Some think it wrong to set the feet a-dancing, and so do I."

George Streeter (89). A prefect, an athlete and possesses an extended grin. He has made his debut in society. He likes everybody but Julius Caesar. Motto—Never let your studies interfere with your education.

Fred Brand (40) is a brand brother and an excellent student. As Red Cross representative for Matric A he has collected the collection. One of the popular boys of V. H. S.

"Jove knows I love,
But who?"

George McCann (74). Item: Two blue eyes, a smile and a girl's complexion. He is not an overworked class reporter. Second in the Province in rifle shooting.

"He may be little, but he's good."

George Brand (38) is the most perfect of prefects. He rolls his eyes, blushes and talks to the ladies. He comes to school in the morning, works a little, plays a little and then goes home.

Leslie Howlet (104) came to school in long pants at Christmas. He is Treasurer for the Beta Delta. Chief characteristics—A very good opinion of himself and a critic of all the world. Words can't describe him, but he is an uproarious and egregious student.

"His chin is but enriched with one appearing hair."

Daryl Elford (107). Daryl is the **nicest** boy in the class and our president. A very quiet boy, but he amuses the class by talking in Geometry periods. If he goes to college he will specialize in French.

"To follow knowledge, like a shining star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

Calvert Richards (68). Cal's the chap that sings, sleeps and grouches. He preserves all his wits for the enlightenment of the French class.

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."

MATRIC B

Irene Armstrong (69). It is rumored that Miss Armstrong loves potatoes. She has been heard to address them as follows:

"But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia, bear with me——."

Kathleen Ault (97). A sweet girl.

"I love to hear the bees buzz—buzz—buzz—buzz."

Lilian Brooks (122). Our literary star.

"I do what many dream of all their lives."

Winnifred Hill (82).

Veda Butt (73) is our popular president. It is hoped she will live up to her namesake, but methinks Mlle Butt is for oratory, not voice culture.

"She stirs the heart—especially when she speaks of Langford Lake."

Agnes Chan (46) has a strong affinity for the back of the room.

"Autumn is to me a goblin,
Its leaves are little spirits,
And I love to twirl them into the English language."

Etta Wallace (75). Books, books, give me books. I'm hungry for knowledge.

"Her locks were like the threads of gold"—
"'Nuff said."

Grace Hall (106). A cheerful disposition. Grace would love to come to school on roller skates.

"Thee sitting on a granite floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind."

Elsie Menkus (96).

"And her eyes were wild."

Margaret May (37) has a habit of mumbling, but forgot to when she said, "Oh! that accounts for it."

Mabel Head (105).

"I listen, motionless and still."

Dorothy Head (133).

"Ne'er saw I, ne'er will again,
A girl so calm."

Margaret Hinks (50). It's so strange, but I just love school.

Lorraine Johns (93). I'm not a shoeblack—er-er-somebody. I'm a prefect.

"I roam among the mighty,
Sometimes I'm up in the air."

Nelly Kearsly (86).

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star shining out from the blue of the sky."

Agnes Kingham (41). Aggie says her name means "lamb," but some say differently. A popular member of the Portia and an ex-president.

"Mother says you're not to hurt her little girl."

Muriel Knott (60). "Knotty," "Meuri," or something funny—a veritable gasbag of information—

"Open the window and let that cackle out—
I'm half sick of tresses, said Miss Muriel Knott."

Clementine le Seure (120).

"I'm so nervous, and I just hate Latin."

Adele Johnson (124). A quiet girl.

"For knowledge is of things we see—
Some time the popular song, 'You'd be Surprised,' will be
sung in Matric B."

Marguerite Dyke (91). Miss Dyke needs no "dyke" to keep the knowledge in—it just sticks.

"What you are we know not?"

Aileen de Blaquiere (95). Loves Literature.

"Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do."

Roberta Dill (78).

"Her slow, full words sank thro' the silence drear."

Roxy Donnelly (121). A popular young lady.

"Judge not the workings of her brain,
And of her heart thou canst not see."

Lita Trench (123).

"Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years is in them."

Sarah Haddow (103). A young lady whose favorite pastime is to "vamp" Miss Johns.

"She dares what no one dares—
She stares, she stares, she stares!"

Hugh Campbell-Brown (115). Orator-in-chief of Matric B, president of the Matric Organization and an A1 debater.

"In arguing, too, the teacher owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

"Dad" Hartley (92), who adorns the corner back seat and is noted for very frequently sending the class into spasms of "loffter" by his melodious (?) cackle.

"Where can thou find a cavern dark enough to hide thy monstrous visage."

Ronald Jackson (110). An artist by profession; a school boy for a joke. The "low comedian" of the class, who lectures on "cheese" and who brought a rectangle of the said one morning for recess (11.05) and which was consumed with marvelous rapidity.

"If hot air were music, I would be a whole brass band."

Bernard Gough (117). Splendid for helping us in time of need, by thinking out loud.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Bill" Higgs (66). This young gentleman hails from the woods, namely, Albert Head. A veritable Socrates.

"All the earth and air with his voice is loud."

Fred Forster (134). Our mathematical genius, also a youth possessing an over-developed sense of humor. One of the chief instigators of noise in the room.

"When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash."

Wilson Mitchell (113). Our baby vamp. "Wilsy" tries to give us the impression that he is getting to be a bold, bad boy now, but son, "I ha'e ma doubts." Though he may be the school's shimmy hound as regards dancing, he's got the brains all right when he wants to use 'em.

"Food, food, give me food."

Jack Elford (130). A literary star, and now a weary over-worked reporter. "He is not now as he was of yore; gone is his carefree smile, and in its place a look of sober wisdom."

"He's a royal good fellow, full of gentle devilment."

Alex. Moore (94). Everybody knows Alex, and everybody knows his accomplishments are as numerous as his friends. He excels, however, as commander of the V. H. S. Cadet Corps, which he has capably managed for the last three years. Impervious to flattery, Alex's favorite expression is—

"Behold, I know not anything!"

MATRIC C

Frances Legg (54). "Tibby" occupies the distinguished position of vice-president of the Portia Society, and likewise shines as one of this year's prefects.

"Happy and disposed to be good natured and sociable."

Gwendoline Verrinder (119). Gwen is a young maiden of amazing wit and extraordinary eloquence, her chief ambition being to talk twice as much as others and make some happy soul miserable.

"Every person has a right to take care of themselves."

Dorothy Laing (47). Dorothy is of a studious habit and unusually energetic.

"Her step was royal—queen-like."

Ida Whitley (39). In school Ida is usually a model of virtue and obedience. Never known to sleep, laugh, talk or in any way disturb the habitual serenity of the class.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Margaret Stewart (114). Margaret is an industrious pupil in our midst.

"Not much talk, a great sweet silence."

Jean McNaught (111).

"What! so young and so untender."

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Muriel Laing (136). Neither the memory of the past exams nor the prospect of the coming ones can quench Muriel's smiles.

"Patience is powerful."

Lois Peasey (80). Behold our model child! Perfect behavour and homework down "pat" (?)

"Divinely tall and divinely fair."

Bessie Paterson (120). She is destined to be a teacher. Lucky pupils.

"Gone, but not forgotten."

Dorothea Riddell (128). "Dot" is inclined to be very talkative. Her favorite expression being "Is it on evenly this afternoon?"

"Gee! I'm wild."

Eleanor Parfitt (71). Eleanor is a good all-round sport. She has very capably filled the position as reporter for the Portia Society.

"Always merry and light-hearted."

Mary Hill (45). Mary is inclined to be calm, serene and cheerful.

"You must ha' been very nicely brought up."

Faith Ledingham (112). A quiet and unobtrusive young lady, whose voice is "Ever soft, gentle and low." Noted for her placidity of countenance.

"You have never had too much to do."

Charles Drennan (55). "The charms of the old school drew him," so he returned to school at Christmas, bringing with him his desire for ice-hockey.

"He's a royal good fellow."

Kenneth McCannel (57). "Kenny" is one of the most popular boys of the school, among both sexes. He is a captain in the Cadet Corps, Matric C's representative on Matric Organization and Camosun reporter and a student just for a joke.

"Oh, boy! what a fool it was that invented kissing."

Andrew Robertson (76). "Jock" is a popular member of the class who is full of witty expressions and questions which relieve the monotony of some periods. He is in his glory when mixing concoctions "a la Terry" in the Lab. He is quarter-master in the Cadet Corps.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Jack Patterson (100). "Pat" was one of Matric C's basketball stars and was one of the interesting specimens of our collection. Has Wade's weakness.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us."

Douglas Smith (—). "Doug" was the quiet member of the boys of our class and although we rarely heard him speak we are sorry to lose him. Plays basketball.

"If silence were golden, I would be a millionaire."

Edgar Wade (61). "Wadie" is a good basketball player. Often seen taking the gate receipts at the basketball games (good job!). Fond of dancing and the girls.

"O give me new figures, I can't go on dancing
The same that were taught me ten seasons ago."

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Richard Thompson (—), alias "Dick" or "Birdie," in future years intends to establish a hair-dressing parlor in either Duncan or Sidney. His favorite pastime is dipping his pet kewpie in the ink-well, also fond of public amusements.

"Let me play the fool."

Nugent Spinks (—). "Breathes there a man who doesn't know Nugent? Why he is the would-be orator and debater of Matric C. His knowledge of all things earthly and imaginary is absolutely appalling (?) To crown all, he is a sergeant in the Cadet Corps, having charge of the Ambulance Corps (have pity on the wounded).

"I love its gentle warble,
I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go."

MATRIC D

"What, all my pretty chickens at one fell swoop."

Annabel Service (108). A good student and rather shy.

"The voice was all so awful small,
So very small and thin."

Honora Staneland (62). Claims to be a Sunday school teacher, but one would never believe it.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

Sara McNeil (63).

"A day in April never came so sweet."

Ella Pottinger (70). Vice-president of the Matriculation Class Organization and is quite popular.

"To ask and have, command and be obeyed."

Janetta Skillings (52).

"She always keeps the golden rule,
And learns her lessons well in school."

Mabel Scobie (88). Represents Matriculation D on the Class Organization and is also class representative of the V. H. S. P. A. O. By the way, she is the only farmerette left.

"I ought to have my own way in everythin, and what's more,
I will too."

Elizabeth Turnbull (132). Inclined towards studious habits and very quiet.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its noble form."

Agnes Turnbull (101).

"Of thoughtful, modest mien."

Gladys Reynolds (98). One of the girls who was conveniently sick during the Easter exams.

"O Latin books, cursed by heaven's decree."

Frances Maclean (44).

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Mildred Russell (84). Our budding chemette. Nickname, 'Rusty.'

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books
consumed the midnight oil?"

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James Bruce (59). Never forgets to do his home-work, the result being that he is rather a curiosity.

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker besides
Should mend an old kettle like me."

Angus McIntyre (135), whose sad demeanor is undeniable proof of his wisdom.

"I'm shy, Mary-Ellen, I'm shy,
It does seem so naughty, oh, my!"

Alan McLean (85). A firm believer that silence is golden.

"Sublime he sits, no worldly strife his bosom vexes."

Charles McQueen (53). Electricity is his profession; a school-boy for a joke. As prefect he adorns the third floor and for the past year has controlled the antics of the Agriculture and Science Club.

"Ah! nah, I'm going to be a reg'lar torff,
A-drivin' in me kerridge an' me pair,
Wiv a top 'at on me 'ead, an' fevvers in me bed,
An' call meself 'Dook of Barney-fair.'"

Hugh McLean (36). It is said that "Conversation is a ventilation of the heart." Gee! he must have some heart. He also suffers from acute disinclination to work.

"Now what would you do with a saucy young limb
Of a High School boy that can blarney like him."

Fred McLellan (64), who believes that "A long face never maid a Saint, an' a Laffin Kountenents iz the nex' best Thing 2 a Good Square Meel."

"I confess, Sir, that all I need to be a complete ass is a tail."

Hartley Sargent (72). He honors the room with his presence and assumes all responsibility of the conduct of the class (some responsibility). Being president of the Beta Delta, we forgive him for many things.

"While words of learned length and wondrous sound,
Amazed, the gazing rustics ranged around."

Arthur Saunders (127). An interesting curiosity of our collection. His serpentine beauty causes excitement among the fairer sex, but apparently he is impervious to their charms.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

Douglas Stevenson (87). Our chemistry fiend, who once tried to convince us that there are more than four Halogens; his favorite form of recreation is blowing test tubes.

"I keep six honest serving-men
(They taught me all I know);
Their names are What and Where and When
And How and Why and Who."

Arthur Wootton (81). Possesses a vast store of knowledge, which, unfortunately, he will not divulge to anyone—no, not even the teacher.

"Like all true lovers more or less,
Our Arthur inclined to bashfulness."

Arthur Webster (102). A straight-up antidote for the blues and a straight-ahead sure cure for the grouch.

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Ford Verrinder (83), is enough to convince one that good things are done up in little packages.

"Let poets chant of clouds and things
In lonely attics!
A nobler lot is his who clings
To Mathematics."

Eric Stewart (51). After engaging in the manly occupation of putting the finishing touches on his newly acquired pompadour, and fixing the flower in the miniature vase in his lapel, he dimples forth to meet the fair sex.

"Ragtime lilt and light fandango,
He showed them how to dance the tango."

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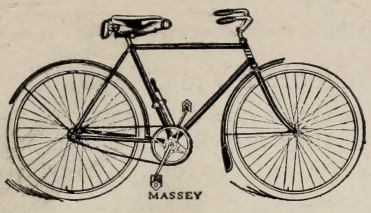

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Students of the Victoria High School, as no doubt many of you will be attending Normal when your High School course is finished I thought you might like to have a description of the Provincial Normal School of Victoria, B. C.

I suppose you all know that it is situated at the corner of Lansdowne and Mount Tolmie Roads.

The interior of the building far surpasses its outward appearance, being beautifully decorated with white and having a most artistic auditorium. This assembly room has white plaster mouldings, and on the walls at each side of the platform are busts of Homer, Virgil, Goethe and Dante. Provision is made for lantern lectures there, and an audience of five hundred people can be accommodated. On the first floor, also, there are three classrooms, a well-stocked library, and a beautifully furnished reading-room.

At one end of the building, on the second floor, are the most up-to-date domestic science and laundry rooms, attached to which is a suite of rooms for teaching the students the principles of housekeeping.

Farther along the corridor we come to a most magnificent art room, also well equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Next comes a lecture room, which will hold about one hundred and twenty people. Finally, at the end of the corridor, is a well-equipped lab., which is used mostly in connection with the nature study. Also on this floor are four classrooms.

All the classrooms in the school have beautiful prints of ancient and modern paintings, while a private office is provided for each member of the faculty.

On the ground floor, at each end, is a room which constitutes the model school. In connection with these are two reading rooms. The one belonging to the senior grades contains a small collection of minerals found in B. C.

In the basement is a forge room, a manual training room, two plunge baths, shower and needle baths, a basketball room, a gymnasium, two playrooms for the pupils of the model school, and several other rooms which are used by the janitor and engineer.

The grounds are at present being laid out with tennis courts, etc.

The students attending this Normal School come from Vancouver Island and all points east of Lytton.

There is a splendid staff of teachers at the Normal School and Model School.

Mr. D. L. MacLaurin is the Principal, assisted by Messrs. Denton, Dunnell, Freeman and Miss Dunne.

Miss I. Morris, who was recently the singing teacher there, is now in England.

Miss K. Scanlan is Principal of the Model School, assisted by Miss Barron.

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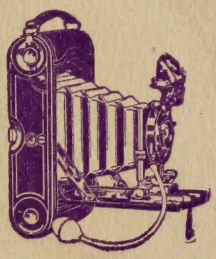

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